

An Amorous Dialogue between John and his Mistris.

Being a compleat and true Relation of some merry passages between the Mistris and her Apprentice, who pleas'd her so well that she rewarded him with fifty broad pieces for his pains.

Here by this Dialogue you may discern,

While Old Cats nibble Cheese the young ones learn.

To the Tune of, Packingtons pound. Or, what should a young woman &c. Or, Captain digby.



Come John sit you down, I have somewhat to say,
In mind I have kept it this many a day;
Your Master you know is a fool and a sot,
And mends nothing else but the pipe and the pot:
Till twelve or till one he will never come home,
And then he's so drunk that he lies like a stone:
Such usage as this would make any one mad,
but a woman will have it if 'tis to be had.

'Tis true forsooth mistris, the case is but hard,
That a woman should be of her pleasure debar'd:
But 'tis the sad fate of a thousand beside,
Or else the whole City is foully belov'd:
There is not a man among twenty that thibets,
Nor ten in fifteen that do lye with their wives:
yet still you had better be merry then sad,
and take it where ever it is to be had.

But John, 'tis a difficult matter to find,
A man that is trusty and constantly kind:
An insinuator of court gallant he cringes and bows
He's presently known by his Darts and his blows:
And though both his cloaths and his speeches be gay,
Yet he loves you but onely a night and away:
such usage as this would make any one mad,
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What think you of one that belongs to the Court?
They say they are youthful, and given to sport:
We'll present you with bracelets, and jewels, & rings
With stones that are precious, & twenty fine things:
Or if you are not for the Court nor the town,
What think you forsooth of a man with a gown?
You must have a Gallant, a good or a bad,
and take it where ever it is to be had.

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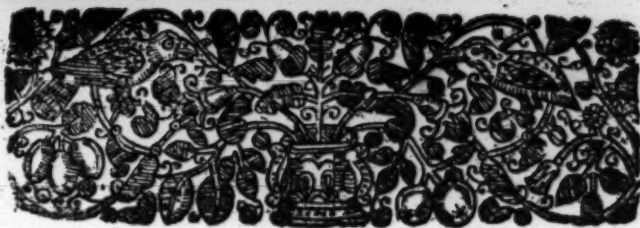


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The second part, to the same tune.

N John, I confesse that not any of these
Had ever the power my fancy to please;
I like no such blades for a trick that I know,
For as soon as they be trod, they are given to crow;
Plain dealing is best, and I like a man well,
That when he has his life will be hang'd ere he'll tell:
My meaning is honest, and thou art the Lad,
then give it and take it while 'tis to be had.

Alas! my dear mistress, it never can be,
What you can aff. at such a fellow as me:
Yet heaven forbid, since I am but your man,
I should ever refuse to do all that I can;
but then if my master should know what we've done,
The both you'd be blown up as sure as a Gun:
for after our joy, he would make us as sad,
for taking it where it ought not to be had.

But how should he know it thou scrupulous Elf,
Do'st think it me so silly to tell him my self?
If we are but so wise our own counsel to keep,
We may laugh and lye down while the sor is asleep:
Some hundreds I know in the city that use,
To give to their men what their masters refuse:
The man is the master, the Prentice the Lad,
for women must take it where 'tis to be had.

Some Prentices use it, forsooth, I allow,
But I am a Justice and cannot tell how:
However, I hope that I shall not be blam'd,
For to tell you the truth I am somewhat asham'd;
I know how to carry your bible to Church,
but to play with my mistress I'm left in the lurch:
Yet if you can shew me the way good or bad,
He promise you a - that there is to be had.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-ball, in West-Smithfield, near the Hospital-gate,

You quickly may learne it, my Johnny, forsooth, Thus,
Before you proceed we begin with a buss;
And then you must clasp me about with your arms;
Nay, fear me not Johnny 'till do thee no harm:
Now I sigh, now I tremble, now backwards I lye;
And now my dear Johnny, ah now I must dye:
Oh! who can resist such a mettle-some Lad,
and refuse such a pleasure when 'tis to be had!

Alas, pretty mistress the pleasure is such,
We never can give one another too much:
If this be the business, the way is so plain
I think I can easily find it again:
It was Thus we began; and thus Thus we lye down;
And thus, Oh thus! that but fell in a swoon;
Such sport to refuse who was ever so mad,
will take it where ever it is to be had.

Now Johnny you talk like an ignorant mome,
You can have such pleasure no where but at home:
Here's fifty broad pieces for what you have done;
But see that you never a gadding do run;
For no new employment then trouble your brains;
For here when you troth you'll be paid for your pains:
but should you deceive me no womans so sad,
to lose all the pleasure that once she has had.

A mistress so noble I never will leave,
Twere a sin and a shame such a friend to deceive;
For my masters shop no more will I care,
Tis pleasant handling my mistresses ware:
A fig for indentures for now I am made
Free of a Gentiler and pleasanter trade;
I know when it's well, I was never so mad
to forsake a good thing when 'tis to be had,